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T H E
S P L E E N,
O R,
I S L I N G T O N S P A;
A
C O M I C K P I E C E,
O F
T W O A C T S.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, in DRURY-LANE.

By GEORGE COLMAN.

D U B L I N :

Printed for Messrs. Price, Corcoran, Chamberlain, Burrowes, J. Hoey, Potts, Williams, W. Colles, Burnet, Armitage, Walker, Jenkin, P. Wilson, Higly, Moncrieffe, Mills, Wogan, Bonham, Colbert, Beatty, Talbot.

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THE *Malade Imaginaire* of Moliere first suggested the idea of *The Spleen*, the Author of which has however deviated without scruple from his admirable original. The readers of the agreeable essays under the title of *The Idler*, will also discover some *traits* of D'Oyley in that writer's description of Drugget's retirement, as well as some features of Rubrick in his character of Whirler. Any other *gleanings*, as the Prologue neatly terms them, I do not recollect, except that I have before exhibited a young Cantabrigian at Newmarket, in one of the Numbers of *The Connoisseur*; in which papers, as well as other popular essays, there are also frequent allusions to the short excursions and suburb villas of our citizens.—It has (I am told) been asserted in one of our daily prints—the *Gazetteer*, or *Garretter*—I forget the name of it—that for the idea of *the Noon-Post* I am indebted to my deceased friend BONNEL THORNTON. Nobody was more capable of giving excellent hints; there was nobody whose hints I would more readily have embraced, or more chearfully acknowledged. But the assertion is totally false. It is not the first time that my enemies have paid me a compliment they did not intend, by ascribing my feeble productions to more eminent writers. I will endeavour not to be vain of their censures; though perhaps they will think me so, in adopting the words of Terence on the occasion.

—*Quod ISTI dicunt MALEVOLI, homines nobiles
Eum adjutare, assidueque una scribere:
Quod illi maledictum vehemens esse existimant,
Eam laudem hic ducit maximam, cum illis placet,
Qui vobis universis & populo placent.*

P R O L O G U E.

Written by DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

Spoken by Mr. KING.

TH^{O'} Prologues now, as blackberries are plenty,
And like them maukish too, nineteen in twenty;
Yet you will have them, when their date is o'er,
And Prologüe, Prologue, still your hours rot;
Till some such dismal phiz as mine comes on,
Ladies and Gentlemen indeed there's none,
The Prologue, Author, Speaker, all are dead and gone!
These reasons have some weight, and stop the rout;
You clap—I smirk—and thus go cringing out;
“ While living call me, for your pleasure use me;
“ Should I tip off—I hope you'll then excuse me.

So much for Prologues—and now enter Farce.
Shall I a scene, I lately heard, rehearse?
The Place, the Park; the Dramatis Personæ,
Two female wits, with each a maccaroni.
Prithee, Lord Flimsy—what's this thing at Drury?
This Spleen? 'Tis low, damn'd low, Ma'am I assure ye,
Ce't Vrai mi Lor!—we now feel no such evil,
Never are haunted with a vapourish devil.
In pleasures round we whirl it from the brain,
You rattle it away with Seven's the Main!
In upper life we have no Spleen or gall;
And as for osher Life, it is no life at all.

What can I say in our poor Bard's behalf?
He hopes that lower life may make you laugh,
May not a trader who shall business drop,
Quitting at once his old accusom'd shop,
In Fancy thro' a course of pleasures run,
Retiring to his seat at Islington?
And of false dreams of happiness brim-full,
Be at his Villa, miserably dull?
Wou'd he not Islington's fine air forego,
Cou'd he again be choak'd in Butcher Row?

P R O L O G U E.

*In showing cloth, renew his former pleasure,
 Surpass'd by none, but that of clipping measure.
 The master of this shop too seeks repose,
 Sells off his stock in trade his verse and prose,
 His daggers, buskins, thunder, lightning, and old clothes.
 Will he in rural shades find ease and quiet?
 Oh no! —————
 He'll sigh for Drury, and seek peace in riot.*

*Nature of yore prevail'd thro' human kind,
 To low and middle life, she's now confin'd.
 'Twas there the choicest dramatists have sought her;
 'Twas there Moliere, there Jonson, Shakespear, caught her.
 Thou let our gleaning Bard with safety come,
 To pick up straws, dropt from their harvest home.*

C H A R A C T E R S.

<i>D'Oyley,</i> —	Mr. Parsons
<i>Aspin,</i> — —	Mr. Baddeley,
<i>Merton,</i> —	Mr. Brereton,
<i>Rubrick,</i> —	Mr. King,
<i>Jack Rubrick,</i> —	Mr. Palmer,
<i>Folio,</i> —	Mr. Wrihten,
<i>Clerk,</i> — —	Mr. Whitefield,
<i>Mac-hoof,</i> —	Mr. Moody,
<i>Merton's Servant,</i> —	Mr. La-Mash.
<i>Mrs. Rubrick,</i> —	Mrs. Hopkins,
<i>Mrs. Tabitha,</i> —	Mrs. Love,
<i>Eliza,</i> —	Miss P. Hopkins,
<i>Lætitia,</i> — —	Mrs. King,
<i>Maid,</i> —	Mrs. Davies.

T H E
S P L E E N :

O R,

ISLINGTON SPA.

A C T I.

SCENE, *a Street near St. Paul's.*

MERTON *alone.*

HOW tedious is the time, when expectation obliges us to mark its progress! Here have I been near an hour and an half, watching the dial of St. Paul's, and counting the minutes, in hopes of news from my Eliza. It is now almost noon; where can this rascal of mine be loitering? Oh; here he is!

Enter SERVANT.

—Well, firrah! what intelligence?

Servant. A Gazette Extraordinary, Sir! I have been upon the scout ever since they opened the shop windows,

windows, and I'm as full of news as the Morning Chronicle.

Merton. Out with it! Where is my Eliza?

Servant. In town, Sir.

Merton. And her mother?

Servant. In town too, Sir.

Merton. And her father?

Servant. Out of town, Sir.

Merton. And I thought my Eliza was with him?

Servant. So she was, Sir—Father and daughter both in the country—that is, if you call Islington out of town.

Merton. Islington?

Servant. Yes, Sir, Islington. Her father, Mr. Rubrick, has taken lodgings at Islington Spa for the summer, Sir; and Madam Eliza attended him there. And is now returned to fetch Mrs. Rubrick from Paternoster-Row, to join her husband at Islington.

Merton. How did you learn this?

Servant. From your merry cousin, Mrs. Lætitia, Sir.

Merton. Lætitia! where did you see her?

Servant. At Madam Eliza's, Sir. She saw me from the dining room window, sent for me in, told me all I have told you, charging me to be sure on no account to acquaint you with a word of it! (*archly*.)

Merton. No, to be sure!—Excellent girl—Well; away to my lodgings, firrah; and wait for further orders.

Servant. I am gone, Sir. (*going returns*) But here's a young lady in the case.

Merton. And what then, Sir?

Servant. Only have a care of the Police, Sir! Don't make a Bow-street affair of it. Her father is a common council man too: he may take you before the Lord Mayor, or the Sitting Alderman; or—

Merton. Away, rascal! Do you banter?

Servant. I am gone, I am gone, Sir.

[*Exit.*
Merton.]

Merton. My Eliza just come to town! My arrival is critical. Now, though old Rubrick has banished me his house, could I but contrive to get a sight of my mad-cap cousin, Lætitia, she might perhaps be able to introduce me. Suppose I go and reconnoitre a little! (*going*) Jack Rubrick!

Enter JACK RUBRICK.

Jack Rubrick. What! Tom Merton in England? and in London too? My old friend and school-fellow! how do you? your hand, Tom! I did not think you had been in our hemisphere. A commission took you from us in the middle of Westminster college; and how has it disposed of you since, Tom?

Merton. For three years, my dear Jack, I have been stationed at Gibraltar, from whence I have been returned, with the rest of the regiment, little more than so many months.

Jack Rubrick. So you have been studying the Tactics at the Hercules Pillars, while I have been cudgelling the Mathematicks at Cambrigde. How we diverge, like rays, from the same centre! We walk through life together indeed, but seem hitherto, like parallel lines, destined never to meet. But I am heartily glad of this encounter.

Merton. And I as heartily.—But by your boots and your language, Jack, I should imagine you to be just fresh from the University.

Jack Rubrick. You have hit it. I am so.—Not immediately though—for I flew off in a tangent the beginning of last week to Newmarket. It was the second Spring meeting; and I chose to take the Sun's altitude on the course every day, make a few observations (during the heats) upon matter and motion, with as many calculations, as a Lottery-Office-keeper, on the Doctrine of Chances.

Merton. What a hard student! But was there good sport?

Jack

Jack Rubrick. Sport! you talk as if you were speak in of a common country race. They never think of port. It is all *business* at Newmarket, man!

Merton. Well, was the business good; then?

Jack Rubrick. Many thought excellent; but it was quite in an inverse *ratio* to me, Tom! Four-score minus, I promise you. My quarter's allowance, which I had just received at Lady-day, (thirty guineas!) gone.—Reduced to sell my little horse *Phosphorus* for thirty more! Gone. And I was obliged to give a promissory note for twenty more.—So that if you understand Algebra but half so well as I do, Tom, you will find by all the powers of numbers, that I was just eighty guineas a loser.

Merton. Thirty and thirty, and twenty! Four-score exactly, Jack! I have just so much arithmetick.

Jack Rubrick. The woods were all hollow in my favour too! Were you ever at Newmarket?

Merton. Never.

Jack Rubrick. I'll tell you then—It was a four mile heat on the long course—a match between Pantheon, Jubilee, Duenna, and Gabrielli!—At first going off they kept pretty even together; Jubilee and Duenna, Pantheon and Gabrielli, cheek by jowl, and formed a kind of Parallelogram.—When they came to describe a circle on the Round Course, you might almost as soon have squared the circle, as have told which would be the winner. Then away they went, whip and spur, through the Devil's ditch, like the Devil himself!—Coming up Choakjade, Pantheon lagged behind. Gabrielli, though some thought her touched in the wind, got a head of the other two; and she before, with Jubilee and Duenna abreast of each other, formed an equilateral triangle—A thousand pound to a china orange on Gabrielli! when all of a sudden, with a damned eccentric motion, she made an acute angle on the wrong side of the post—Jubilee started and stumbled—but by the bye, I believe his rider played

played booty—Duenna won the stakes, and the knowing ones were all taken in.

Merton. And poor Jack Rubrick into the bargain.

Jack Rubrick. Poor indeed, Tom! I discovered as absolute a *vacuum* in my breeches pockets, as in those of a heathen philosopher: I would fain have been among the red ribbands and black legs at *Hell* in the evening, and tried my luck with tossing the *cubes* about—but not a single guinea left to bribe my fortune, or take me off the course. By good luck, Frank Whip of Clare Hall was there, and being on a scheme to London, brought me up to town in his phaeton.

Merton. And what's your business here, Jack?

Jack Rubrick. Partly to get a fresh recruit from Old Square-toes. I might have made out a list of mathematical books for a supply—but as the Devil will have it, he sells books himself, you know.—So there's no hopes in that quarter—but I was obliged to come up, in order to attend the marriage of my sister Eliza.

Merton. The marriage of your sister Eliza! to whom, pray?

Jack Rubrick. To old D'Oyley, the rich draper, that kept the three sheep behind St. Clement's—did you never hear of him?

Merton. I have. But Eliza will never be his wife, Jack.

Jack Rubrick. Ay, but she will though! He may like her, and she not like him, it is true, Tom. There may be all the powers of attraction and repulsion between them, perhaps. But they'll be married within these ten days, for all that, my friend.

Merton. Impossible.

Jack Rubrick. Impossible! why so, Tom?

Merton. Because she is married already.

Jack Rubrick. The devil she is! That's solving the problem with a vengeance. But to whom?

Merton. Even to your old friend and school fellow. To me, Jack.

Jack Rubrick. To you! I am heartily glad of it. But Old Squares does know nothing of this?

Merton. Not a syllable.

Jack Rubrick. Nor my mother.

Merton. Neither. The mere suspicion of my fondness, and conviction of my half pay, has banished me the house: and I am at this moment rather in ambush, endeavouring to make an impression.

Jack Rubrick. And I will be your chief engineer, Tom. Come along! I'll introduce you. I am as happy at this intelligence, as if I had found a passage to the North Pole, or discovered the longitude.—Come along with me! Never shall it be said, if I can help it, that one Old Westminster deserted another. Come along, Tom! [*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes to an apartment in the house of Mr. Rubrick, Paternoster-Row.

MAID and Mrs. TABITHA packing.

Mrs. Tabitha. Come, make haste, Molly, make haste; my sister will be here presently.

Maid. Lord, I does, Ma'am. I makes all the haste as I can. Here's such a *rumpus* about my mistress going out of town indeed.

Mrs. Tabitha. Well, well; a rolling stone's always bare of moss, as you say.—But have you corded the band boxes?

Maid. Ay that I have; there they stand—all of a row—piled one o'top o't'other—more than they'll stuff into the seats, the boot, and the basket, I warrant them. There's blond ruffles, and gauze handkerchiefs, and cabbage-net caps, with wires and wickers, enough to set up one of the milliners in the Cloisters of Christ church Hospital!

Mrs. Tabitha. Well, well; a store's no store, as they say.—Have you papered the neats' tongues, and the cold chickens? and put up the lettuce and cabbages, from the cellar in Honey-lane market?

Nothing.

Nothing like *fresh* provisions in the country, you know. We must send them from London every day. They shall have them fresh, and fresh I warrant you. Are they all ready, Molly?

Maid. Yes, yes they are all ready; fowls, tongues, and cabbages, all ready ma'am. Ah, I wishes to heaven as how my dear brother, the corporal, and the rest of the poor Christians at Boston, had some of them!

Enter Mrs. RUBRICK hastily.

Mrs. Rubrick. Are you ready, Molly? Are the things all packed up, sister? I have not a moment to spare. It's almost one o'clock. I expect the *coach and three* at the corner every moment.

Maid. Coach and three! Lord, Lord, here's things enough to load a coach and six, Ma'am.

Mrs. Rubrick. The coachman makes us pay accordingly, you know. He weighs all the goods and parcels at the end of *the Row* at the cheefemonger's. And he's so saucy too, he won't wait for any body. Is *Poll* ready?

Maid. Yes, Ma'am; little Miss has been drest and ready this half hour.

Mrs. Rubrick. Little Miss! 'Psha, I don't mean the child. I mean the Parrot. You know I never travel without it. One wants both company and conversation in the country; and *Poll* serves for both, you know. Go, run and fetch her in. Make haste, make haste Molly.

Maid. (*going out*) Here's such a fuss indeed!

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Tabitba. Aye, more haste, worse speed, I say. Keep your house, and your house will keep you, as the old proverb goes.

Mrs. Rubrick. It's impossible to keep in town all the summer, let the proverb go as it will, sister *Tabby*!—To be cooped up in *the Row*, amidst the smell of the printing-house, and *Dolly's* beef stakes, all the dog days!—No, give me fresh air, and
Islington!

Islington!—All the world shut up their houses in London at this time of the year, and resort to the watering places.

Mrs. Tabitha. So much the worse, sister Rubrick! I have never *resorted* out of the sound of Bow bell these fifty years—nor ever desired it—winter or summer, all's one to Tabitha!—And as to the watering places, I'm told nobody goes there, that's fit to go any where else.—Cripples, and sharpers! pthificky old gentlewomen, and frolicksome young ones! Married ladies that want children, unmarried ladies that want sweethearts, and gentlemen that want money! Newgate out of town, the London Hospital in the country, sister!

Mrs. Rubrick. Never more mistaken in your life, sister Tabby! There may be a little scandal indeed; but where there are agreeable men, and handsome women, that's always the case, you know.

Mrs. Tabitha. Ay, ay, handsome is as handsome does, as the old proverb goes.

Mrs. Rubrick. Does! why they do every thing that's polite and agreeable.—And then the Spa!—The Spa grows as genteel as Tunbridge, Brighthelmstone, Southampton, or Margate.—Live in the most sociable way upon earth—all the company acquainted with each other—walks, balls, raffles, and subscriptions! Mrs Jenkins of the Three Blue Balls, Mrs. Rummer and family from the King's Arms, and several other people of condition to be there this season! And then Eliza's wedding, you know; that was owing to the Spa, you know: O the watering places, are the only places to get young women lovers and husbands.

Mrs. Tabitha. Ay, they get loviars, oftener than husbands, I fear, sister.

Mrs. Rubrick. Never do you fear us, my dear Tabby! If there should be a little flirtation, Prudence will prevent duels, or such terrible consequences; and as to gaming, I assure you, I'll never go above sixpence a rubber.

Mrs. Tabitba. Ah, they never touched a card the whole year through, on this side of the Bar, in my time, except at the round table at Christmas.

Mrs. Rubrick. In your time! Lord, what signifies talking of your time! You may as well expect St. Paul's clock to stand still, as the fashions not to alter. Times will change, sister.

Mrs. Tabitba. So much the worse, sister! The sun rises and sets, and makes out the four and twenty hours, and so does St. Paul's clock, just as it used to do, sister;—but the people round St. Paul's are all changed, sister. Common-Council-Men that wear bag wigs, Aldermen that keep gilt coaches, and Deputies that keep madams! And then the women, my own *sect* forsooth, that used to study the Compleat Housewife, or spend the sabbath in reading the Practice of Piety, read nothing but *Boyle's* games, and keep routs on a Sunday. Such doings with their high heads, squeezed stomachs broad bosoms, false hair, and false faces! It was not so in my time. No negligees, or plummets of feathers in my time sister!

Re-enter MAID and CLERK.

Maid. The stage waits at the end of Cheapside, Ma'am, and little Miss and Poll are in the coach already—and the things are all in, Ma'am.

Mrs. Rubrick. I'll be with them immediately. Eliza's brother is come, and he'll walk over the fields with her.—What young man's that, Molly?

Maid. He wants master, Ma'am—so I have sent for the foreman to speak to him—Mr. Folio is but just stept into the Chapter Coffee-house

Mrs. Rubrick. That's right, that's right, Molly. The foreman will speak to you in a moment, young man!—Well, heaven bless you Tabby! (*kissing*) Come! don't be uneasy, though the family are at such a *distance*! There's above forty coaches pass within an hundred yards of the place every day, and you may hear of us every quarter of an hour.

Mrs Tabitha. Heaven send I hears no harm of you! No news is good news sometimes, as the proverb goes.

Mrs. Rubrick. Well, but I must go now, Tabby!

Mrs. Tabitha. And I'll go with you to the coach door, since you must be gadding. Home's home, though never so homely! (*enter Folio*) Oh! here, speak to the young man, Mr. Folio! [*Exeunt Women.*]

Manent CLERK and FOLIO.

Folio. Your pleasure, Sir!

Clerk. A little business, Sir. A bill for an hundred, accepted by Mr. Rubrick, and become due this day, you see! (*giving bill*)

Folio. Let me see—*Please to pay—um—um two hundred pounds—um—um—to Mr. Thomas Rubrick, Paternoster-Row—accepted T. R.*—I don't know what to say to this—I have no directions about it, and my master's at Spa.

Clerk. The devil he is! then the bill will be noted, that's all—Spa indeed!

Folio. Nay, don't be so furious. He's only at Tunbridge Wells

Clerk. Tunbridge Wells!—The bill lies for payment at Dollar's and Co. in Birchin-lane, and if not taken up this afternoon, will be protested.—Tunbridge quoth'a! who is to wait, while your master is sent to forty miles off and back again!

Folio. Forty miles! 'tis scarce half a mile. The New Tunbridge Wells. *Islington Spa*, you know, (*enter Aspin*) Oh, here's my master's kinsman, Mr. Aspin. The bill's safe enough, he'll satisfy you.

Aspin. Hey day! Squabbling! What's the matter, Folio?

Folio. Only a bill, Sir, become due to-day, and presented for payment—but my master left no orders, and I don't know what to say to it.

Aspin. Ah, the old game!—I am not at all surprized at it. Such accidents happen every day. And how shall it be otherwise! This comes of splitting himself, and dividing his time between two

Mackboof. May I crave the favour of a word wi' you ?

Rubrick. I was this moment going out, Sir.

Mackboof. I ha' some particklar business.

Rubrick. Have you ? Well then I attend you, sir ; and I'll send word to the Globe that I can't come at all.

Aspin. I thought so ; last come first served is your rule, I see. I have some particular business with you too ; but I'll stay until I can nail you down for two minutes to listen to it. You are stuck round like the man in the Almanack : so good day to you ! I'll go and speak to my god-daughter Eliza, and then call upon the old fool you mean to make your son-in-law. Good day to you ! (*Exit*).

Manent RUBRICK and MACHOOFF.

Rubrick. And now what is your business, sir ?

Mackboof. I understond Maister Rubrick, that you deal in *buks* and medicines, and that you bland the bible and cushion with the pestle and mortar. I ha' not, like many others of my countrymen, wretten a *buk*, but I ha' invanted a medicine.

Rubrick. Did you ever study physick ?

Mackboof. I ha' not neglected the study of phee-sick ; I am wal rad in Bracken's Farriery, and Gebson's Treatise ou the Disases of Horses

Rubrick. Did you ever practice ?

Machooof. Yes, by my saul, I praclised three years togather in Lothian's dragoons, and cured the horses of aw the hool reeg'ment.

Rubrick. Dragoons ! horses ! Why this is all farriery.

Machooof. Wal, sir !

Rubrick. Why what the devil are you a farrier ?

Machooof. Ay, by St. Andrew, a farrier.

Rubrick. A horse-doctor ?

Machooof. Yas, a Doctor of Horse.

Rubrick.

Rubrick. Well, but Doctor, how shall I venture to sell your medicine? Why this horse-remedy will send my customers out of the world full-gallop.

Machoof. You are aw wrong. The animal œconomy in the hooman spacies and equine is vary semilar—it's only the deefrence in the proportion o' the doses. Yo' may larn fra' Horace, that they are not encompatible—as he sweetly saings—*Hoomano capiti cervicem pector EQUINAM.*

Rubrick. Well, if Horace says so—But, Doctor, I must go snacks, you know that.

Machoof. You shall ha' five shellings i' the poond.

Rubrick. Five? I'll have half.—Ten, Doctor, or I don't touch it.

Machoof. You shall ha' three half croons.

Rubrick. Half! half.

Machoof. Ah! you're very hard. You shall ha' *tan* then.

Rubrick. Well then, let me see! Ay, send me in fifty dozen of bottles or powders, which ever it is, for a trial. They'll go among country chapmen. I'll advertise it in my new paper immediately.

Machoof. You shall no' fail to ha' them. Your servant! [Going.]

Rubrick. Oh, but Doctor! (*Mach. returns*) I had forgot. What diseases is your nostrum to cure?

Machoof. Haud you, haud you!—by St. Andrew, that's no leeght affair (*pausing*). What diseases do you think the most popular?

Rubrick. Doctor, your hand! Now I see you're a man of business. Let me see! a good thing in the *secret* way now—and yet that branch is over-run.—Drops, Pills, and Electuaries, innumerable! What d'ye think of the *Nerves*, Doctor? *Newer were Nervous Disorders so frequent*, you know.—And then your name, Doctor? In drugs, as well as books, the author's name is of no small consequence.

Machoof. My name is Machoof, Sir!

Rubrick. Machoof? Machoof, Doctor.

Machoof. Doctor David Machoof, Sir; and by my saul Maister Rubrick, the medicine will not lack celabrity.—

celebrity.—I ha' gotten already a diploma from St. Andrew's, and in a mail er twa I expac an order from Sweden

Rubrick. Do you? Why then *Macboof's Mixture*, or, *Swedes' Balsam* shall be the title of it.—A lucky christening is more than half the battle. We'll go in and prepare the advertisement.

Macboof. Yas, we mun invastigate its axcellent faculties—it may be caw'd the Univarfal Ramedy, the Grand Specifick, the Panacæa!—and you may add a sma *nota bene*, that it's an infallible cure for Corns.

Rubrick. Ay, ay, *Macboof's Mixture*; or, *Swede's Balsam*, shall cure every thing; one thing as well as another, I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

A C T II.

SCENE, *the Fields near Islington.*

Enter Merton, Jack Rubrick, and Eliza.

MERTON.

WELL, but Eliza!

Eliza. Well, but Mr. Merton! I can tell you no more than you have heard over and over already. Your lively cousin, Lætitia, is gone on before with Mr. Aspin; is in high spirits, and seems sure of success in her operations. What they are to be, I don't exactly know; and were I fully apprized of them, being enjoined secrecy, I tell you plainly, I would not disclose them. But the fullest confidence may be reposed in her friendship and abilities; and that ought to satisfy you.

Merton. Cruel Eliza!

Jack

Jack Rubrick. Cruel! Why so, Tom? You are fast married already, you know, and there is not a proposition in Euclid more clear than when two young people are lawfully married, not all the parents in England can unmarry them.

Eliza. Very true; but he is always so discontented, so unreasonable!

Jack Rubrick. Nay, now I am sure you are married. Your scolding the poor man, when he is ready to hang himself, is downright demonstration.

Merton. Scold me, rate me, my dear Eliza, do what you will with me! but, for heaven's sake, deliver me as soon as possible from this anxious situation; for I long to claim you in the face of the world, and openly acknowledge you.

Eliza. All in good time, Mr. Merton; Lætitia has undertaken for us, has promised to make you acquainted with her intentions herself, and perhaps assign you a part in carrying them into execution; so I must insist on your waiting the result of her endeavours with patience.

Merton. Patience! Well.

Jack Rubrick. Well! Ay, very well. There is no going always in a direct line, Tom. A Curve sometimes answers the purpose better. The longest way about is the shortest way home, you know.—Ha! yonder's old D'Oyley on horseback.—Let us make haste to the Spa! He is just returning from his constant exercise. He is as regular as the Clock, as exact as a Time-Piece, and the good housewives roast their meat by him. He enjoys the air of the New Road every day, takes a whet at Mother Redcap's, trots up to Hampstead, crosses the Heath, comes down Highgate Hill, and so through Holloway, back to Islington. This is Cuckold's Round, as they call it! Would not one swear he was in the high road to Matrimony, Sister?

Eliza. Ah, graceless!—Come, Mr. Merton.

Merton. Oh, Eliza!

Jack Rubrick. Oh, Eliza! (*mocking him*)—Oh Tom Merton! Tom Fool indeed.—Let the Women alone,

alone, Tom! Intrigue is their province. You shall admire the effect of their schemes, though (like the powers of the Magnet) you don't comprehend them; and shall arrive as safe and secure at the height of your wishes, as you go up a staircase that hangs by geometry. Safe and secure, Tom; but step by step, Tom; so have patience, and be governed by us, Tom!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to D'Oyley's Lodgings at Islington Spa. A table, chairs, with books, papers, a case of medicines, looking-glass, &c.*

Enter D'Oyley in spatterdash.

D'Oyley. Something better for my ride, I think, but not quite right neither. Always, always ill; and never, never able to discover what's the matter with me! I have taken my glass of water since I got off my horse, but it seems to feel cold and heavy on my stomach. Suppose I swing the leads, or ring the dumb bell, or take fifty turns in my room, from North to South, as Dr. Quackley directed me! (*Takes a turn and a half and stops at the table.*) Let me see! my eyes are as yellow as saffron. (*looking in the glass.*) Jaundice, jaundice! And then my tongue! (*putting it out*) my tongue is as white as milk, and loaded as thick as a curd! A bilious fever coming! Heigh ho! I'll take a little of the Saline—(*going to the case of medicines.*)

Enter ASPIN.

Aspin. Ha! Old Gallipot!

D'Oyley. Mr. Aspin!

Aspin. What! Quacking yourself? Let the phials alone, man. You are no more sick than I am.—These are all new fancies, taken up in the evening of your life; the twilight of the understanding; the mere effects of indolence and want of employment. I don't remember that you ever felt, or fancied you felt, an hour's illness, till you left the back of St Clement's.

D'Oyley. If I had not come from behind St. Clement's, I should have lain in St. Clement's Church-yard by this time. At a certain time of life, retirement from business, as well as air and exercise, are absolutely necessary.

Aspin. Air and exercise! Formerly you had not a single complaint. Standing at the shop-door, and looking into the street, was air enough; and opening bales of cloth sufficient exercise; but you took leave of your business and good spirits together; and now your mind is over-run with vapours and megrims, that make you fancy your body swarms with disorders.

D'Oyley. Fancy! why if Fancy would do the business, don't you think I had rather fancy myself in good health, Mr. Aspin?

Aspin. No—you are sick by way of amusement—melancholy, to keep up your spirits—you are eat up with the Spleen, Master D'Oyley.

D'Oyley. I! why d'ye think so?

Aspin. I know so. You have every symptom of it.

D'Oyley. Symptoms? Name them, I understand symptoms.

Aspin. Don't I know you weigh yourself every day after dinner?

D'Oyley. To be sure. Why not settle the state of my health, as well as balance my accounts, Mr. Aspin?

Aspin. Have not I caught you feeling your pulse by a stop-watch?

D'Oyley. Granted. The pulse can't be watched too minutely.

Aspin. And are you not afraid of going out in an East Wind?

D'Oyley. All the world agrees, nothing is more prejudicial.

Aspin. Except not going out at all. Were not you kept at home for three weeks at one time by an old rusty weathercock? and near a fortnight at another,

another, when it was tied up by some school-boys?

D'Oyley. Ridiculous!

Aspin. Yes, and what's ten time more ridiculous, are not you going to be married?

D'Oyley. No great symptom of spleen in that, Mr. Aspin!

Aspin. A very woeful symptom of folly and weakness, Master D'Oyley! You are turned the corner of fifty; she is on the inside of twenty. What a prospect of the comforts of matrimony! Do you think such a girl will much relish being turned into a nurse? or do you fancy that your old St. Clement's foppery of a clean shirt, shining shoes, snug wig, and neatly brushed-coat, worn thread-bare without a spot, will have sufficient charms for her? Do you imagine——

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Dr. Anodyne, sir, is in the rooms, and will wait on you presently, if you are at leisure.

D'Oyley. Oh, my best compliments to the Doctor; I shall be very glad to see him. (*Exit Servant.*) Now, my dear friend, truce with your raillery, and give me leave to receive the Doctor's visit.

Aspin. Doctor Anodyne! who is he? I never heard of him; he never attended you before.

D'Oyley. No, he is a new physician; I don't think that any of the faculty have yet hit my case, and I wish to consult Dr. Anodyne. He is but a young practitioner, it is true; yet I am told of great promise and extensive practice; though he is not long returned from abroad, and has but lately attended the Spa.

Aspin. A young wife and a young physician! you are in a rare way, Master D'Oyley. Doctor Anodyne! aye, he is one of those sucking doctors, I warrant you, that make up by insinuation and impudence for their want of skill and experience; feeling the pulses of old maids, and bowing themselves into the good graces of dowagers; rolling their

job chariots into the city, when they can't succeed at St. James's; and killing Jews, when they are not allowed to slaughter Christians; running down to Tunbridge or Southampton, when they have no

D'Oyley. For Heaven's sake! he will hear you; he'll be in the room, Mr. Aspin.

Aspin. Will he? then I'll leave you a little. I'll take a turn or two in the walks, and then return to finish my lecture. To a man who has been used all his life to be busy, ease and indolence is a very hard task, Master D'Oyley! The mind of a retired tradesman often stagnates for want of employment, and becomes as dull, dark and gloomy, as the inside of his shop on a Sunday. But take my advice, D'Oyley, and I'll do you more good than all the Doctors in Christendom. [Exit.]

D'Oyley (alone.) What coarse, boisterous spirits! Health is a fine thing, a very fine thing; but a man, who has never known what it is to be ill, commonly seems to have neither nerves nor affections. I long to see the Doctor—Let me sit and compose myself—What's here? (*opening a book*) "Advice to the People in general with regard to their health!" Ay, I'll read a little—This book always gives me some useful information—"Of Consumptions." (*reading*) "This disease generally begins with a dry cough, which often continues for some months." Hack, hack! (*half coughing*) Yes, I have a dry cough, and have had for some months.—"If a disposition (*reading*) to sickness after eating be excited by it, there is still greater reason to fear an approaching consumption."—I was sick as a dog immediately after dinner yesterday—"The patient is (*reading*) apt to be sad."—Nobody ever so apt to be sad, without any reason on earth, as I am.—"There is generally (*reading*) a quick, soft, small pulse." Tick, tick, tick! (*feeling his pulse*) quick as lightning, very soft and small too! "though sometimes (*reading*) the pulse is pretty full, and rather hard."—Tack, tack, tack! (*feeling again*)
Full!

Full! it beats like a drum, ready to burst thro' my veins.—“These are (*reading*) the common symptoms of a beginning consumption.”—All which symptoms I feel.—Nothing but a proper regimen can keep me out of a consumption.—Let me see! (*turning over the leaves*) “Symptoms of a Dropsy.” (*reading*) “The *Anasarca* generally begins with a swelling of the feet and ankles towards night, which for some time, disappears in the morning.” Ah! (*looking at his feet and legs*) I have not the least appearance of swelling this morning—That may be a very dropical symptom. “In the evening (*reading*) the parts, if prest with the finger, will pit.” I'll try that this evening.—The swelling (*reading*) gradually ascends——

Rubrick (*without*). Stay! I'll only just call upon Mr. D'Oyley, and be with you again immediately.

Enter RUBRICK (a printed paper in his hand.)

D'Oyley. Mr. Rubrick! I am heartily glad to see you. You are very good to call in upon a poor sick man. This is kind of you.

Rubrick. Yes, I am in a great hurry; but I could not help popping in upon you, before I go to meet the partners in our intended new paper, at the Angel at Islington—How are you, Sir? Did you take the Stomach Pills?

D'Oyley. I did; but continue rather flatulent—full of wind, as a pop-gun.

Rubrick. You should have followed up the pills with a dose or two of the Corrective Elixir.

D'Oyley. I did so.

Rubrick. And how did it agree?

D'Oyley. Weakened me most exceedingly.

Rubrick. Then I must send you two or three bottles of the Restorative, with the next magazines.

D'Oyley. Do so! But what paper is that, Mr. Rubrick?

Rubrick. A proof of our new paper—the first number to be published the day after to-morrow—the Noon-Post!

D'Oyley. The Noon-Post ?

Rubrick. Yes, the Noon-Post—an excellent project!—for it is the only time of day, you know, left open for an additional news-paper. The Morning and Evening are quite overloaded.—Besides, it will serve for an early Morning Paper at the West end of the town, and will come out just about Change hours in the East.—Then it will include all that has been in the Morning papers—Play Bills, *et cetera*, without possibility of mistake or deception, and will forestall all that *is to be* in the Evening ones—So that the *Noon-Post* will be the only paper, justly calculated for the Meridian of London—But we'll deliver it without horns——horns may offend the people of quality, you know—

D'Oyley. Well, I wish you joy and success, Mr. Rubrick.—But how is my Eliza ?

Rubrick. Very well. She is just arrived. You'll see her presently.

D'Oyley. And when are we to fix the happy day ?
Ha, Mr. Rubrick !

Rubrick. Let me see, let me see ! How stand my engagements ?

[pulling out a memorandum book.

This is my eating calendar, Mr. D'Oyley.

D'Oyley. Don't let us drive it off till towards autumn ! for then my health will call me to Bath.—What d'ye think of next Tuesday, for instance !

Rubrick. (Looking at his Almanack.) Tuesday, June 11—the longest day, and the shortest night—a whimsical day for a marriage, Mr. D'Oyley !

D'Oyley. Well—the Thursday after then.

Rubrick. Thursday ! let me see ! (consulting his Calendar) Thursday I am engaged to eat a buck with the proprietors of Lloyd's Chronicle, at the Long Room, in Hampstead.

D'Oyley. The Saturday following then !

Rubrick. (Still looking at his Calendar.) Saturday, June 15—to feast on the Almanacks at Stationers' Hall !

D'Oyley.

D'Oyley. Well—Monday or Tuesday in the next week.

Rubrick. (*Still looking at his Calendar.*) Monday, the annual dinner of Turlington's Balsam, at the Star and Garter on Richmond Hill; and Tuesday the meeting of the proprietors of *Beaume de Vie*, at the Packhorse, on Turnham Green.

D'Oyley. Psha! if you put it off in this manner, you'll get beyond the term of the contract.

Rubrick. Nay, never be impatient, son-in-law! We'll settle it for some day in the month. You'll have time, and time enough, I warrant you.—The fair lasts all the year, you know.—I'll be with you again shortly—but you must excuse me at present—for I have left a gentleman waiting for me below. I am to treat with him for a Dissertation on the Virtues of Islington Spa; and to be concerned with him in a scheme for extracting salts from the New River; so your servant, your servant! Good day to you! [*Exit hastily.*]

D'Oyley. (*alone.*) This man is so hasty and violent, he always flurries my spirits. Stay! I hear the Doctor—No—'tis somebody else—a gentleman to ask for him perhaps.

Enter LÆTITIA, as Dr. Anodyne, dressed in an elegant suit of cloaths, with a bag-wig and sword.

Lætitia. I came to receive your commands, Sir.

D'Oyley. My commands, Sir!

Lætitia. If you please. Let me have the honour to feel your pulse, Sir. (*takes his hand*) Let me look at your eyes, Sir!—Put out your tongue, Sir!—Very well, very well! I see how it is, at once, Sir! Your appetite is good, and digestion bad; your sleep sound, but refreshment little; strength great, but nerves weak; and your whole habit, paragonick, and hypochondriacal.

D'Oyley. My case to a tittle! But you amaze me. Are you Dr. Anodyne? You a physician, Sir?

Lætitia.

Lætitia. To be sure. Why should you doubt it, Sir?

D'Oyley. By your figure and appearance, I must confess, Sir, I should rather have taken you for a foreign Count, or an Opera-singer.

Lætitia. Why so, Sir? Do you think it necessary for a physician to appear like an undertaker? Thank Heaven I am the first of the faculty, Sir, that made it proper and fashionable in this country for a physician to look like a gentleman. I have spent a good deal of time abroad, Sir; and even our Clergy, when abroad, moult their feather'd grizzles, cast their pudding sleeves, and put on white stockings, long swords, and bag-wigs, Sir.

D'Oyley. Ah! some of them are coming pretty near the mark at home, Doctor.

Lætitia. I have had the honour of travelling, Sir, and I thought it right to adopt the modes, as well as science, of the several countries I visited. Formerly, the grave owls of the College, with their clouded cravats, hay-cock perukes, clouded canes, and bolus buttons, seemed to think no man qualified to prescribe a cathartick or emetick, that did not look, as if he had just taken one himself.—And their practice was as absurd, as their figures were ridiculous.

D'Oyley. Indeed, Doctor!

Lætitia. Yes, indeed, Sir. A consultation of mere home-bred physicians, is worse than an epidemick distemper. The plague, or the *influenza* is nothing to it.—Your case for instance! By your appearance, I should judge your case to have been wholly mistaken. It appears at first to have been merely nervous; but now, by improper management, it seems tending very fast to epileptick, paralytick, and dropical.

D'Oyley. You frighten me. What course would you prescribe, Doctor?

Lætitia. What regimen have you followed hitherto, Sir?

D'Oyley.

D'Oyley. I have been ordered to live very temperate, to ride every day, and to keep my spirits quiet and easy.

Lætitia. Ah! temperance, exercise, and peace of mind! the old remedy, and a wonderful discovery to be sure! But your diet! Give me the particulars.

D'Oyley. Plain food, no wine, and no pickles.

Lætitia. Wrong, wrong, all wrong! Your temperament being too low, nature plainly directs that you should live very high. A bottle of wine would operate as the most excellent cordial, and the stimulation of pickles would both create and strengthen the appetite.

D'Oyley. Nothing can be more reasonable. I must alter my whole regimen, and enrich my blood with good eating and drinking—take chocolate for breakfast, a chearful glass for dinner, and make a hearty supper.—How many grains of salt may I put to an egg, Doctor?

Lætitia. None. Eat salt in no shape, unless salted meats,—but as much of those as you please, Sir.

D'Oyley. Meats salted or smoaked, are what I have been expressly forbid, Doctor.

Lætitia. Not by me, Mr. D'Oyley. Consult your own understanding, Sir! How should smoke, that preserves a sitch of bacon, injure you; or salt, that keeps a ham from putrefaction, hurt the tone of your stomach? Cookery indeed renders many things unwholesome, that are not so in themselves. How is your meat drest, Sir?

D'Oyley. Thoroughly done, always—for else, the Doctors tell me, that the juices would not assimilate.

Lætitia. For which reason they leave the food without any juices at all. Without them, Sir, instead of beef or mutton, you might as well eat mohogany. In Abyssinia, where a state of nature prevails, a raw rasher from a live ox is wholesome and delicious.

delicious. Eat your meat as rare as possible, Sir, and avoid bread as pernicious.

D'Oyley. Pernicious, Doctor! I always understood bread to be the wholesomest food in the world.

Lætitia. A vulgar error, Sir! Pap, mere pap, kills nine-tenths of the children that die in the Foundling Hospital. Bread and milk swell the bills of mortality. Bread induces a cachexy, and milk brings on an atrophy. The London milk too is nothing but a composition of chalk and rain water, and the bread is all whitened with allum.

D'Oyley. Mercy on me! I shall never dare to venture on a slice of bread and butter, or to put a spoonful of cream in my tea again.—Raw flesh, and no bread!—Why these are wonderful discoveries, Doctor.

Lætitia. I have imported a thousand discoveries, Sir: It was I that first entertained the world with the agreeable sight of people walking the streets in the height of the small pox. It was I that—

Enter ASPIN hastily.

Aspin. Yes, it was you! You, Doctor, that have broken the laws of society, disturbed the peace of a private family, and thrown the whole place into confusion.

Lætitia. Sir!

D'Oyley. What now? What's the matter, Mr. Aspin?

Aspin. The Doctor's the matter. He has been feeling the pulse of your wife that was to be, examining too closely into her constitution, Mr. D'Oyley.

D'Oyley. I don't understand you.

Aspin. You are the only person in Islington that don't. It is the common topick of the Wells, that there is too strict an understanding between Eliza and this young Practitioner.

Enter

Enter Mr. and Mrs. RUBRICK.

Rubrick. But have patience, Mrs. Rubrick!

Mrs. Rubrick. No, there is no bearing this. We shall be the laugh of the whole place, the subject of all the Spa-Lampoons of the season! I can't stand it, Mr. Rubrick; and have sent word to the *Row* that we are returning thither immediately.

Enter Mrs. TABITHA.

Oh, Sister Tabby! I am glad you are come. Did you ever hear of such an affair, sister?

Mrs. Tabitha. Aye, aye; I told you how it would be sooner or later, Sister. This comes of your travelling. This comes of our watering-places. The pitcher never goes so often to the well—I need say no more.—But come; the hackney-coach, that brought me from *the Row*, is turned about, and is ready to carry the family back again. (*Going*)

Rubrick. Stay, Mrs. Rubrick! Stay, sister Tabitha! I question the truth of this story. What signifies an idle report? Are not there a thousand things paragraphed for facts one day, and paragraphed for damned lies the very day after?

Aspin. Don't trust to that, Mr. Rubrick! The fact, I fear, is indisputable. The very maid whom they trusted, has betrayed them, and confess that *the Doctor there*, has more than once slept all night in your daughter's chamber.

Rubrick. The Devil!

D'Oyley. Aye it's too plain; I shake as if I were in an ague; three months of the Cold Bath will not bring me right again.

Lætitia. Psha! this is a mere English complaint. Abroad, no case is more common, or less alarming—I'll set you right, I warrant you, Mr. D'Oyley!

Rubrick. Look ye, Mr. D'Oyley, I shall insist on your fulfilling your contract.—The penalty, you know,

know, is pretty considerable—and I hope not to be obliged, by force of law, to compel you to it.

D'Oyley. So ; this affair will be the death of me. My health depends on my peace of mind ; and that is sure of being destroyed, either by a wife, or a law-suit.

Enter JACK RUBRICK.

Jack Rubrick. Where is this rascal, that pretends to have dishonoured my sister ? I'll drive him to the center.

Latitia. My center is here, Sir.

Enter ELIZA and MERTON.

Mr. and Mrs. Rubrick. Eliza ! and Mr. Merton here !

Merton. Yes Sir ; yes, Madam, I am here ; when Eliza's life, fortune, or reputation are in danger, it is impossible for me to keep at a distance. She now lies under a most vile and false calumny, and he is a rascal that dares assert or insinuate the contrary.

Latitia. So, say I, Sir ! Woe be to the man that dares impeach her honour ! I have always been a staunch friend to the sex, and shall most certainly be true to this lady.

Eliza. I have been more true to myself, Sir.—Believe me, Madam ; believe me, Aunt ; believe me, Mr. D'Oyley, there is no truth in this infamous story.

D'Oyley. Too much, I am afraid, Miss Eliza ! You never paid the least attention to me before ; and your earnestness now only serves to confirm my suspicions. Would you marry her yourself, Doctor ? that is the surest way of making her fame whole again.

Latitia.

Latitia. For particular reasons, best known to myself and the young lady, I must beg to be excused.

Rubrick. Damnation!

D'Oyley. See there! Can you wonder at my hesitation, Mr. Rubrick?

Merton. For my part, I look upon the Doctor to be more dangerous as a physician, than a gallan; and so little do I credit this scandal, that with Mr. and Mrs. Rubrick's consent, I am willing to accept of her hand immediately.—What say Eliza, and Mr. and Mrs. Rubrick, to my proposal?

Eliza. I am all confusion.

Rubrick. And I am all distraction. As to your offer, there's something handsome enough—but Mr. D'Oyley's contract—

D'Oyley. As to that, Mr. Rubrick, I'll endeavour to make you easy. For the sake of health, and happiness, and peace of mind, I am content to forfeit half the penalty, and to settle it on the young couple.

Alpin. And I'll throw in the other half, as a blessing to my god-daughter.

Rubrick. That's generous I must confess—generous on both sides. What day shall we fix for the ceremony?

Merton. It is needless to fix any day.

Rubrick. How?

Merton. The ceremony is already over. We have been married these three weeks. And I consider the Doctor as my best friend, in having been the means of obtaining your consent to ratify our union.

Latitia. Yes, I am a fast friend to all this good company, Mr. Rubrick.

Rubrick. Friend! And pray who the devil are you, friend?

Merton. An old acquaintance of your's, I assure you, Mr. Rubrick.

Rubrick. An acquaintance of mine?

Latitia.

Lætitia. Yes, Sir. Look me full in the face, and see if you don't recollect me.

Rubrick. (*Looking stedfastly*) Eh! Let me see! Why, sure it can't be—i'faith, but it is tho'—a female Hippocrates, by Jupiter?

D'Oyley. What! the Doctor a woman? Have I been bled, and blistered, and purged, and pickled, by a female physician?

Lætitia. Even so, Sir!—A woman well-known to your family, Mr. Rubrick.—And you must own, gentlemen, that I boast less than modern gallants are apt to do, and am more careful of the honour of the ladies than gallants are apt to be, when I avow the charge of being my sweet Eliza's bedfellow.

Rubrick. So, so! Mr. Merton's cousin, Lætitia!

Aspin. Yes, Lætitia, Mr. Rubrick: and I'll fairly own, that I joined with Mrs. Madcap there, and the rest of the young folks, in concerting this scheme, to cure my friend D'Oyley both of his spleen and inclination to matrimony; and by that means to reconcile you to your daughter and son-in-law.

Rubrick. Well, I forgive you. I forgive them too. I am so pleased with this unexpected turn, and this clear proof of my daughter's innocence, that I can forgive any thing. I'll send a flaming paragraph of their wedding to all the news-papers—but the Noon-Post shall have the first of it.

Mrs. Rubrick. Do you think I ought to forgive them too, sister Tabby?

Mrs. Tabitha. Ay, ay; all's well that ends well, say I, sister Rubrick.

Jack Rubrick. Why, here has been a change of system, to be sure, aunt Tabitha.

D'Oyley. To complete the change, let me throw in my new resolutions. For your sake, Miss Eliza, I shall hereafter wave all thoughts of matrimony; and for yours, Madam Doctor, (*to Lætitia*) I shall for the future, be more diffident of *nostrums* and
D physicians.

physicians. Mr. Rubrick must henceforth expect my custom for books, rather than medicines; or if he chuses to weave my story and character into a farce or a novel, I should be happy to hear it afforded an hour's entertainment, and was repeated nightly, as **A CURE FOR THE SPLEEN.**

T H E E N D.

E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Mrs. KING,

In the Character of Dr. ANODYNE.

A Female Doctor, Sirs!—and pray why not?
Have You from Nature a sole Patent got?
Can you chain down Experience, Sense, and Knowledge,
(Like madmen in strait waistcoats) to the College?
Let us prescribe!—our wholesome Revolutions
Would quickly mend your crazy Constitutions;
Invest a Female with a Reverend Cassock,
What spruce Divine, wou'd more become the Hassock;
Or robe her in a Lawyer's gown and band,
What Judge so sweet a pleader could withstand?
Into St. Stephen's Chapel let us go!
What power our Aye would have; what force our No!
Try us in all things—there are very few,
We Women could not do, as well as you.

Shew me thro' all Creation, those who can
A fiercer tyrant, than the tyrant man.
Lion to Lioness, is very civil,
But Man with Woman—plays the very devil.
In France, where Politesse shou'd rule the land,
The Sceptre's wrested from a female hand.
A spouse in China keeps his brain from madding,
By crippling Dearee's feet, to spoil her gadding.
While the Grand Turk, Lord of a vast Seraglio,
Warms the whole house—Himself one great Buzaglio.
Here we're denied the privilege to think,
And scarce allowed the use of pen and ink.
But mark your playhouse wits, and fairly tell,
If we poor women cou'd not write as well:
Yes, Ladies, we have written, and we will;
No Lords, alive or dead, shall stop our quill.
Break down the fences of a partial tribe,
And let us too preach, counsel, and prescribe!
Firm as Rome's matrons, bold as dames of Sparta,
Let English women form a female Magna Charta;
Assert your rights, you must command success,
And make King John submit to brave Queen Bess.

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